On the *NATIVITY*

OF OUR

BLESSED LORD

AND

SAVIOUR

JESUS CHRIST.

A

Pindarique Ode.

Most Humbly Dedicated,

To the Right Reverend Father in God

J O H N

Lord Bishop of *NORWICH.*

Christus adest quem tota canunt oracula vatum
Venturum sub carne Deum.

CAMBRIDGE,

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ON

CHRIST's Nativity,

Commonly call'd

CHRISTMAS.

A

PINDARIQUE ODE.

URania, Tune my Sounding Lyre:
With Noble Thoughts my Soul inſpire.
Aided by You,
We Mortals Wonders do.
Thus heretofore young *David*'s charming Strain,
Work't *Saul*'s diſorder'd Soul to Harmony again.
By Thee Great Goddeſs, of Myſterious Sound,
Each Circling Orb, performs it's endleſs Round.
Tun'd to thy powerful Lays,
Th' *Almighty*'s Fiat, did the World's vaſt Structure (raiſe;

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Throughout the void Expanſe 'twas heard,
Th' Expanſe a tuneful Choir appear'd.
And all was Life, and all was Joy,
The wond'rous Emanations of thy mighty Harmony.

II.

A *Heav'n*-born *PRINCE*, on *Beth'lems* lovely Plain
I Sing; And wond'rous is his Birth, and wond'rous is His
(Reign.
Mercy, and Juſtice crown his Infant Head
And Peace ſoft brooding Wings o'reſpread.
And lo! a Herauld Angel ſounds his Fame;
And all the Heav'nly Hoſt proclaim,
"Glory to the Supreme *Almighty* Power above;
"On Earth Peace, Kindneſs, Love:
"Peace to poor Mortal Souls below,
"Peace, Love, and all the Bleſſings boundleſs Mercy can
(beſtow.

III.

And ſay, ye Solitary Tenants of the Field:
To you was firſt the Heav'nly News reveal'd,
(Let All with thoughtful Rev'rence bow, and Sacred aw
Declare) what wond'rous Things ye heard, what won-
(d'rous Things ye ſaw.
Hail! *Sacred Beth'lem* now no more the leaſt,
Of *Judah's* wealthy Cities, ſince in Thee

Our

Our Heav'nly *Lord* aſſumes *Humanity*.
Thou ſtand'ſt the *Grand Metropolis* of the *Eaſt*.
What Luſtre can all Earthly glory add?
Where Heav'n it ſelf's diſplay'd?
Thus Sink in th' Ocean of Meridian Light,
The little glimm'ring Sentinels of Night.
Lo! from Above a Beamy Deluge ſhed,
Stream'd on the Royal Infant's Head
Around on All Its luſtre ſhone,
And turn'd a Dung-hill to a Throne.
The wond'ring Nations from afar,
Beheld the blazing Glories of the new-made Star.

IV.

Perſia ſaw her * Rival God, * The *Perſians* worſhip the Sun.
And coſtly Sacrifice beſtow'd.
Arabia with her Balmy Preſents came,
And all the Eaſtern World paid Homage to his Name.
'Twas heard ---A mighty Monarch's born,
Which *Judah*'s Royal Scepter muſt adorn.
This *Herod*'s Cruelty, and Rage oppoſe,
Still growing Vertue meets It's foes.
And now methinks I hear!
Your Shrieks bleſt Infant Martyrs Strike mine Ear.
Could my hoarſe Soul but be
Tun'd to your ſoft and tender Cry;
In ſweet Melodious Strains I'd ſing your Elegy.

V.

Hence *Rama*'s Lamentations heard around;
And *Rachel*'s Moans to heav'n for Vengeance Sound.
Her tender Off-spring from her Bosom's snatch'd,
And by the *Murth'rers* bloody hands dispatch'd.
Before her Eyes
She Sees the Bleeding Sacrifice
And rends Heav'n's Convex with Her mournful Cries.
Mount *Hermon* saw the bloody Sight:
Mount *Hermon* trembl'd at the fright:
Mount *Hermon* wept; The dewy tide
Ran down its flinty Side.
Its flinty Sides were loos'd,
And briny Streams into the Ecchoing Vale diffus'd.
Jordan's Swoln Waters to the Sea
The dreadful News convey.
The Sea drew back, to see the peaceful Flood,
Breathe, Horror, Slaughter, Blood.
And All but It's *curst Author*, at the Fact amazed Stood.

VI.

But Heav'n's great charge's secur'd Still;
Born, all Its Raging Foes to quell;
And Triumph o're the invenom'd Powers of Hell.

At

At his approach; why Eccho'd *Egypt's* Coasts,
With howls of Yelling Ghosts?
Why ev'ry where in haste their flight they took?
Why all their costly Idols, and their goodly Fanes forsook?
What made Great *Jove* from *Ammon* run?
Apollo his lov'd *Delphos* Shun?
No more curst Fiends, ye reign in open Light,
Lash't hence, to your Infernal Realms of Night.
In howling Troops away ye Scour,
And moan the loss of *Pan's* great Idol Power.
"No more prevail *Pan's* baffl'd Power no more
Resounds th' *Arcadian* Shore;
And Sounding *Bosphorus* repeats the hideous roar.
With such regret, like Hurricanes they go,
In hollow bellowings to their Cloyster'd Cells below.

VII.

But O Blest Reign! when our Great Monarch from above,
Descends with Majesty, and Love;
Rude Nature now her Savage use forgoes;
And among All the Strictest friendship grows.
The tender bleating Lamb
Runs to the Wolf, as to his Dam.
The rav'nous Monster does his Prey forbear,
And Nurse It with a Mother's Care.

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One common Den the Kid, and Lion keeps,
The tender Suckling safely in His rough Embraces Sleeps.
'Mong Human Kind let greater Marks be shewn
Now Hell's Incendiaries are gone;
And Peace erects her blisful Throne.
No more, our Rights durst th' envious Fiends invade
A Truce at last with Heav'n's made;
And now It's *God* drawn by this *Intercessor* to our Aid.
What our first Rebel Parents lost,
We gain in Him, and more transcendent favours boast.

FINIS.